



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

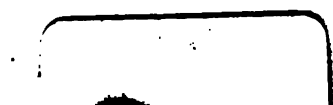
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Greene
822.08
M257
V.3

17

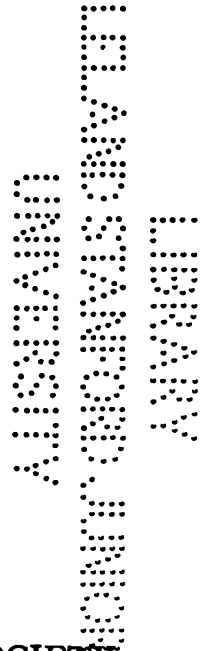




a

**PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A., AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS**

**THE HISTORY OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO
1594**



**THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS**

1907

†

This reprint of the 1594 edition of *Orlando Furioso*
has been prepared by the General Editor and
checked by Robert B. McKerrow.

Dec. 1906.

W. W. Greg.

103403

Orlando Furioso is mentioned in two entries on the Stationers' Register belonging respectively to the years 1593 and 1594:

7 Decembris

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of the wardens, a plaie booke, intituled, the historye of Orlando ffurioso./ one of the xiij peers of Ffraunce vjd

[Arber's Transcript, II. 641.]

John Danter /
This copie is put
ouer by the con-
sent of John
Danter to
Cuthbert Burbye.
vt patet. 28. maij.
1594.

xxviiij^o die Maij

Entred for his copie by consent of John Danter, and by warraunt from Master warden Cawood vnder his hande. A booke entytuled. The historie of Orlando furioso. &c Prouided alwaies, and yt is agreed that soe often as the same booke shalbe printed, the saide John Danter to have thimpryntinge thereof./ . . . vjd

[Arber's Transcript, II. 650.]

Cuthbert Bur-
bye./

The first quarto was duly printed by Danter for Burby in 1594, while a second was printed for the same in 1599 by Danter's successor, Simon Stafford (Herb. 1299). These are the only old editions known. Copies of the quarto of 1594 are in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 38) and Dyce libraries. The British Museum copy is perfect except for the two blank leaves, but has the date on the title-page cropt, the last leaf slightly mutilated, and the headlines of G₃ cut off. The Dyce copy wants, besides the blanks, A₃ and the whole of sheet F, which have been supplied in modern reprint, but fortunately makes good the deficiencies of the British

Museum copy. Of the quarto of 1599 copies exist in the British Museum (C. 34. h. 13), Bodleian, Dyce, and Huth libraries. The first two and the last of these are perfect, except for a blank leaf at the end, though the title-page of the British Museum copy is slightly mutilated, but the Dyce copy wants the first (title) and last leaves of sig. A, which have again been supplied in modern reprint. Both editions are printed in roman type, that of the earlier closely corresponding in size to modern English (20 ll. = 93 mm.), that of the later approaching nearer Great Primer (20 ll. = 111 mm.).

Besides these two editions there is extant an imperfect manuscript of the part of Orlando only, preserved among the Alleyn papers at Dulwich College. This differs considerably from the printed text.

Orlando Furioso is known to have been acted by Lord Strange's men at the Rose theatre in the year 1591/2. Henslowe records the fact in his Diary (fol. 7, l. 7) as follows:

R at orlando the 21 of febreary xvj^a vj^d

It is not marked as a new play.

There is one reasonably conclusive piece of evidence as to the authorship. In an anonymous pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Cony-Catching*, directed against Robert Greene, occurs the follow-

ing passage: 'Aske the *Queens* Players, if you sold them not *Orlando Furioso* for twenty Nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same Play to the Lord Admirals men for as much more. Was not this plaine *Conny-catching* Maister R. G.?' (1592, sig. C3).

The present reprint has been prepared from the British Museum copy of the quarto of 1594. The imperfect Dyce copy has also been collated, without, however, revealing any variations of importance (see l. 1331 in first list below). The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved, and a list of the more obviously anomalous readings is here appended. This list does not, however, record errors of punctuation or indentation, since little significance can be attached to the practice of the original, and it seems impossible to determine the limits of admissible variation. It should be stated that certain instances of the anomalous use of medial 'v' occur in the original; also that short 's' occurs regularly before 'k' and 'f', and in the first or second place when doubled before 'i'. A second list records the more important variants of the quarto of 1599. This was clearly printed from its predecessor, and none of its readings suggest independent authority (see l. 528 in first list). No variations between the different copies have been observed.

IRREGULAR READINGS OF THE QUARTO OF 1594

(together with the corresponding readings of the Quarto of 1599, and a few conjectures).

78 Pirothousfor (1599 Pirothous for)	1192 Entet (1599 <i>Enter</i>)
119 Anthropagei (1599)	1245 come (1599 <i>Come</i>)
187 Super fedcas (1599 <i>Supersedeas</i>)	1253 and lies (1599 <i>and he lies</i>)
470 him with (1599 him) with)	1277 colttes . . . laeosque (1599 <i>colites . . . locosque</i>)
528 Tifphone tempring (1599 Tifphone tempering)	1305 made (1599 <i>mad</i>)
560 eates (1599 eares)	1306 Orl : (1599 <i>Orgalio.</i>)
646 the (1599 thy)	1313 orsome (<i>last letter defaced</i> ; 1599 or some)
723 wills (1599 willes; ? wiles)	1331 Sacrepnat (<i>Dyce only</i> ; <i>B.M. and 1599 Sacre-</i> <i>pant</i>)
844 God (1599 Good)	Marfillius (1599 <i>Marfillus</i>)
879-80 An- lica (1599 An- gelica)	1395 fedulet (1599; ? <i>schedule</i>)
1176 <i>speaker's name omitted</i> (1599 <i>Orlan.</i>)	1428 higgeft (1599 <i>highest</i> ; ? <i>biggeft</i>)
1184 minftrelis (1599 minftrels)	1495 Mam : (1599 <i>Mandre.</i>)

Both the Italian and Latin verses contain a number of misprints. Dyce corrected them as follows :

ll. 732-9.

O femminile ingegno, de [? di] tutti mali sede,
Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,
Contrario oggetto proprio de la [? della] fede!
O infelice, o miser chi ti crede!
Importune, superbe, dispettose,
Prive d' amor, di fede, e di consiglio,
Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrati,
Per pestilenza eterna al mondo nate.

(Cf. Ariosto, canto xxvii, sts. 117 and 121.)

ll. 1275-84.

O vos Silvani, Satyri, Faunique, deæque,
Nymphæ Hamadryades, Dryades, Parcæque potentes !
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
Infernasque domus et nigra palatia Ditis !
Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,
Qui regis infernum solium, cœlumque, solumque !
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes ;
In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,
Spargite, quis misere revocetur rapta per umbras
Orlandi infelix anima.

VARIANT READINGS OF THE QUARTO OF 1599.

24 Oryzon	426 had	948 line omitted.
44 seeke	441 Allarum . . .	961 we will not
54 Statutes	flee.	982 flee
139 Put	452 Exeunt omnes.	987 goes
174 thine honour	502 as his	998-9 divide as
189 against	511 can not	verse after
245-6 divide after	517 ye home to	line,
can,	569 I will play	1011 thou not finde
248 Manet	677 new line, as	1014 sends
269 Make	verse.	1038 what was
287 friend	707 Delicious bow-	1040 you to take
302 thou not	ers	1047 that faire
315 Affrica	742 divide as verse	1067 yee doe
345 takest thou me	after Medor,	1075 seeke
359 flame	745 Aske	1077 these
361 make	751 him by	1168 omit Orgalio
367-70 divide as	753 Enter the Duke	1172 white milke
verse after	865 tell thee	1092 Enter a Fidler
honour : . . .	878 doe you beate	1219 me a sword?
daughter . . .	895 tell your	1221 No fir
Excellencie	934 if yee	1229 curtall
377 omit omnes	934-5 divide as verse	1250 What's here,
395 is't that	after Lord,	1256 Mine eyes

1311	furie worfe	1358	<i>Exeunt Kings.</i>	1449	through
1334	Stand	1363	burne	1455	burning loue
1342	<i>Allarums. Ex-</i>	1373	came	1468	can excuse
	<i>eunt omnes.</i>	1408	<i>Exit Orlando.</i>	1469	flee
1348	nor anie	1413	holde	1507	as was proud
1354	flee	1418	put out thy	1582	you Peeres

LIST OF CHARACTERS,

in order of entrance.

MARSILLUS, Emperor of Africa.	County ROSSILION.
The Soldan of Egypt.	a Soldier of Rodamant.
RODAMANT, King of Cuba.	MEDOR.
MANDRECARD, King of Mexico.	a Soldier of Marsillus.
BRANDEMART, King of the Isles.	TOM } Clowns.
ORLANDO, County Palatine.	RAFE }
ANGELICA, daughter of Marsillus.	OGER }
County SACREPANT. ✓	NAMES } Peers of France.
his Man.	OLIVER }
ORGALIO, page of Orlando.	TURPIN }
The Duke of AQUITAINE.	a Fidler.
	MELISSA, an enchantress.

Attendants, Soldiers, Peers of France, Satyrs.

The County Rossilion, though he is mentioned in the stage direction as entering with the Duke of Aquitaine, has no part assigned to him. Both are friends of Orlando. Medor is apparently a servant of Marsillus. The Fidler is the same as the clown who has already appeared dressed as Angelica (l. 1027), and is probably either Tom or Rafe. The spelling of several of the names varies slightly.

The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. A. H. Huth for access to his copy of the quarto of 1599.



THE
HISTORIE OF
Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of

France, €

As it was plaide before the Queenes Maiestie,



L O N D O N,
Printed by John Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be
sold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange.

159.4.

QUARTO OF 1594 (DYCE). A2 RECTO.



THE HISTORIE OF Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of

France.

Enter Marsillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica
his Daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard,
Brandemart, Orlando, Countie Sacrepant, with others.

MARSILLVS.



Victorious Princes summond to appeare
Within the Continent of Africa,
From seauenfold Nylus to Taprobany,
Where faire Apollo darting forth his light
Plaies on the Seas.

From Gadis Ilands where stowt Hercules,

A iij.

Imblafde

He lieth downe againe.

Mel: *O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deaque,
Nymphe Hamadriades, Driades, Perseque potentes,
O vos qui colttes lacusque lacosque profundos,
Infernasque domus, & nigra palatia Ditis:
Tuque Demogorgon qui noctis fata gubernas,
Qui regis infernum, solemque, solumque, cælumque,
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferite micantes,
In caput Orlandi cælestes spargite lymus,
Spargite, quis misere reuocetur raptator umbras
Orlando infelix anima.*

Then let the musicke play before him, and so
goe forth.



Orl:

Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue,
Heauen turne to braske, & earth to wedge of steel
The worlde to cinders, Mars come thundering
downe,
And neuer sheath thy swift reuenging swoorde,
Till like the deluge in Dewcalions daies,
The higgest mountaines swimme in streames of
bloud.

Heauen, earth, men, beasts, & euerie liuing thing
Consume and end with countie Sacrepant.

he dyes.



Enter

THE HISTORIE OF
So rich shall be the rubbish of our barks,
Tane here for ballas to the ports of France,
That Charles himselfe shall wonder at the sight,
Thus Lordings when our bankettings be done,
And Orlando espowesd to Angelica,
Weele furrow through the mouing Ocean,
And cherely frolicke with great Charlemaine.

FINIS.



QUARTO OF 1594 (DYCE). H₃ VERSO.

(The same ornament occurs in the Quarto of 1599 at the end
of the H₃ recto.)



THE
HISTORIE OF
ORLANDO FVRIOSO,
ONE OF THE TWELVE
PEERES OF FRANCE.

As it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.



THE
HISTORIE OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO,
ONE OF THE TWELVE
Peeres of France.

Enter Marsillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica his daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando, Countie Sacrepant with others.

Marsillus.



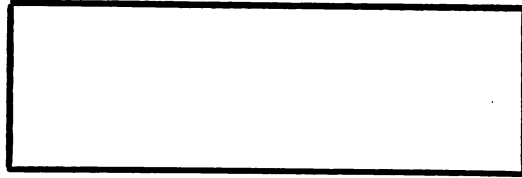
IArious Princes summon'd to appeare
Within the Continent of Affrica,
From sevenfold Nilus to Taprobany,
Where faire Apollo darting foorth his
Playes on the Seas. (light
From Gadis Ilands where stoute Hercules,
Imblasde his Trophies on two posts of brasse,
To Tanais whose swift declining flouds,
Inuiron rich Europa to the North,

A 2.

Al



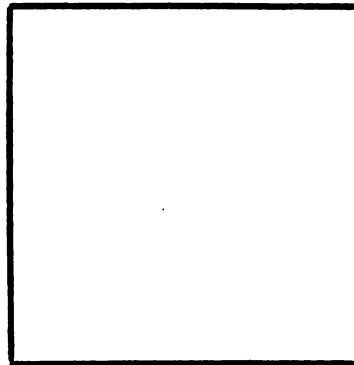





THE
HISTORIE OF
Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of
France.

As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be
fold at his shop nere the Royall Exchange.
1 5 9 4.



THE HISTORIE OF Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of

France.

Enter Marfillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica *Act I*
his Daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, *sc. i*
Brandemart, Orlando, County Sacrepant, with others.

MARSILLVS.

V

Ictorious Princes summond to appeare
Within the Continent of Africa,
From seuenfold Nylus to Taprobany,
Where faire Apollo darting forth his light
Plaies on the Seas.

From Gadis Ilands where stowt Hercules, 10
A iij. Imblasde

THE HISTORIE OF

Imblasde his trophees on two posts of brasſe,
 To Tanais whose swift declining fouds,
 Inuiron rich Europa to the North,
 All fetcht from out your Courts by beauty to this Coast,
 To seeke and sue for faire Angelica.
 Sith none but one must haue this happy prize,
 At which you all haue leueld long your thoughts :
 Set each man forth his passions how he can,
 And let her Censure make the happiest man.

20

SOVL DAN.

The fairest flowre that glories Affrica,
 Whose beauty Phoebus dares not dash with showres,
 Ouer whose Clymate neuer hung a Clowde,
 But smiling Titan lights the Horyzon :
 Egypt is mine and there I hold my State,
 Seated in Cairye and in Babylon ;
 From thence the matchlesse beauty of Angelica,
 Whose hew as bright as are those siluer Doues,
 That wanton Venus manth vpon her fift,
 30 Forst me to crosse and cut th'atlanticke Seas,
 To ouersearch the fearefull Ocean,
 Where I ariud to eternize with my Launce,
 The matchles beauty of faire Angelica.
 Nor Tilt, nor Tournay, but my Speare and shield,
 Resounding on their Crests and sturdy Helmes
 Topt high with Plumes, like Mars his Burgonet,
 Inchasing on their Curats with my blade,
 That none so faire, as faire Angelica.

But

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

But leauing these such glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that suffice for me.

40

RODAMANT.

Cuba my feate, a Region so inricht,
With fauours sparkling from the smiling heauens,
As those that seekes for trafficke to my Coast,
Accounted like that wealthy Paradice,
From whence floweth Gyhon and swift Euphrates :
The earth within her bowels hath inwrapt,
As in the massie storehowse of the world,
Millions of gold as bright as was the showre,
That wanton Ioue sent downe to Danae :
Marching from thence to manage Armes abroad,
I past the triple parted Regiment,
That froward Saturne gaue vnto his sonnes,
Erecting Statues of my Chiualry,
Such and so braue as neuer Hercules,
Vowd for the loue of louely Iole :
But leauing these such glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that suffice for me.

50

MANDRECARDE.

And I my Lord am Mandrecarde of Mexico,
Whose Clymate fayrer than Tyberius,
Seated beyond the Sea of Trypoly,
And richer than the plot Hesperides,
Or that fame Ile wherein Vlysses loue,

60

Luld

THE HISTORIE OF

Luld in her lap the young Telegone,
 That did but Venus tread a daintie step,
 So would shee like the land of Mexico,
 As Paphos and braue Cypres set aside,
 With me sweete louely Venus would abide.
 70 From thence mounted vpon a Spanish Barke,
 Such as transported Iason to the fleece :
 Come from the South, I furrowd Neptunes Seas,
 Northeast as far as is the frosen Rhene,
 Leauing faire Voya crost vp Danuby,
 As hie as Saba whose inhaunfing streames,
 Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Rusfians :
 There did I act as many braue attempts,
 As did Pirothousfor his Proserpine.
 But leauing these such glories as they be,
 80 I loue my Lord, let that suffice for me.

BRANDEMART.

The bordring Ilands seated here in ken,
 Whose shores are sprinkled with rich Orient Pearle,
 More bright of hew than were the Margarets,
 That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion,
 The sands of Tagus all of burnisht golde,
 Made Thetis neuer powder on the Clifts,
 That ouerpiere the bright and golden shore,
 Than doo the rubbish of my Country Seas :
 90 And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
 And Spaniard tell, who mand with mighty Fleetes,
 Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,

Filling

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Filling our seas with stately Argosies,
Caluars and Magars hulkes of burden great,
Which Brandemart rebated from his coast,
And sent them home ballast with little wealth.
But leauing these such glories as they bee,
I loue (my Lord) let that suffice for mee.

Orl: Lords of the South, & Princes of esteeme,
Viceroyes vnto the State of Affrica :

100

I am no King, yet am I princely borne,
Descended from the royall house of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnamde Orlando the Countie Palatine.
Swift Fame that sounded to our Westerne seas
The matchles beautie of Angelica,
Fairer than was the Nimph of Mercurie,
Who when bright Phoebus mounteth vp his coach
And tracts Aurora in her siluer steps,
And sprinkles from the folding of her lap,
White lillies, roses and sweete violets.

110

Yet thus beleue me, Princes of the South,
Although my Countries loue deerer than pearle,
Or mynes of gold might well haue kept me backe;
The sweet conuersing with my King and frends,
(Left all for loue) might well haue kept mee backe;
The Seas by Neptune hoysed to the heauens,
Whose dangerous flawes might well haue kept me
The sauage Mores & Anthropagei (backe;
Whose lands I past might well haue kept me backe;
The doubt of entertainment in the Court
When I arriude might well haue kept me backe :

B

But

y. Shoemaker
Holiday

THE HISTORIE OF

But so the fame of faire Angelica,
Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her loue,
As neither Country, King, or Seas, or Cannibals,
Could by dispairing keep Orlando backe.

I list not boast in acts of chiuallrie,
(An humor neuer fitting with my minde)
But come there forth the proudest champion

130 That hath suspition in the Palatine,
And with my trustie sword Durandell
Single, Ile register vpon his helme,
What I dare doo for faire Angelica.
But leauing these, such glories as they bee;
I loue my Lord.

Angelica her selfe shall speak for mee. (alleadgd,

Mar: Daughter thou hearst what loue hath here
How all these Kings by beautie summond here,
Puts in their pleas for hope of Diademe,

140 Of noble deeds, of welth and chiuallrie,
All hoping to possesse Angelica.

Sith fathers will may hap to ayme amisse,
(For parents thoughts in loue oft step awrie)
Chooſe thou the man who best contenteth thee,
And he shall weare the Affricke Crowne next mee.
For trust me Daughter, like of whom thou please,
Thou fatisfide, my thoughts shall be at ease.

Ang: Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica,
Sith Fathers will hangs on his Daughters choyce,

150 And I as earst Princesse Andromache,
Seated amidst the crue of Priams sonnes,
Haue libertie to chuse where best I loue;

Must

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Must freely say, for fancie hath no fraud,
 That farre vnworthie is Angelica
 Of such as deigne to grace her with their loues.
 The Souldan with his seate in Babylon,
 The Prince of Cuba and of Mexico,
 Whose welthie crownes might win a womans will;
 Yong Brandemard master of all the Iles,
 Where Neptune planted hath his treasurie: 160
 The worst of these men of so high import,
 As may command a greater Dame than I.
 But Fortune or some deep inspiring fate,
 Venus or else the bastard brat of Mars,
 Whose bow commands the motions of the minde,
 Hath sent proud loue to enter such a plea,
 As nonsutes all your Princely euidence, *confutes*
 And flat commands that maugre Maiestie,
 I chuse Orlando, Countie Palatine.

Ro: How likes Marfillus of his daughters choice? 170

Mar: As fits Marfillus of his daughters spouse.

Ro: Highly thou wrongst vs, King of Affrica,
 To braue thy neighbor Princes with disgrace,
 To tye thy honor to thy daughters thoughts,
 Whose choyce is like that Greekish giglots loue,
 That left her Lord Prince Menelaus,
 And with a swaine made scape away to Troy.
 What is Orlando but a stragling mate,
 Banisht for some offence by Charlemaine,
 Skipt from his country as Anchises sonne, 180
 And meanes as he did to the Carthage Queene,
 To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue.

B ij

Orl:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Man: I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troop my selfe with such a crew of men,
As shall so fill the downes of Affrica
Like to the plaines of watrie Theffalie,
When as an Easterne gale whistling aloft
Had ouerspred the ground with Grashoppers.
Then see Marfillus if the Palatine
Can keep his Loue from falling to our lots, 220
Or thou canst keep thy Countrey free from spoile.

Mar: Why think you Lords with hautie menaces
To dare me out within my Pallace gates?
Or hope you to make conquest by constraint
Of that which neuer could be got by loue?
Passe from my Court, make hast out of my land,
Stay not within the bounds Marfillus holds;
Least little brooking these vnfitting braues,
My cholar ouer-slip the law of Armes,
And I inflict reuenge on such abuse. 230

Rod: Ile beard & braue thee in thy proper town,
And here inskonce my selfe despite of thee,
And hold thee play till Mandricard returne.
What saies the mightie Souldan of Egypt?

Sol: That when Prince Menelaus with all his
Had ten yeres held their siege in Asia, (mates,
Folding their wrothes in cinders of faire Troy:
Yet for their armes grew by conceit of loue,
Their Trophees was but conquest of a girle:
Then trust me Lords Ile neuer manage armes, 240
For womens loues that are so quickly lost.

Bran: Tush my Lords why stand you vpon termes

THE HISTORIE OF

Let vs to our Skonce, and you my Lord to Mexico.

Exeunt Kings.

Orl: I firs, inskonce ye how you can, see what
And thereon fet your rest.

(we dare,

Exeunt Omnes.

Manent Sacrepant and his man.

Sac: Boast not too much Marfillus in thy selfe,
250 Nor of contentment in Angelica ;
For Sacrepant must haue Angelica,
And with her Sacrepant must haue the Crowne :
By hooke or crooke I must and will haue both.
Ah sweet Reuenge incense their angrie mindes,
Till all these Princes weltring in their blouds,
The Crowne doo fall to Countie Sacrepant.
Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit :
For when I come and fet me downe to rest,
My chaire presents a throne of Maiestie :
260 And when I set my bonnet on my head,
Me thinkes I fit my forehead for a Crowne :
And when I take my trunchion in my fist,
A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts.
My dreames are Princely, all of Diademes,
Honor : me thinkes the title is too base.
Mightie, glorious and excellent :
I these my glorious Genius found within my mouth
These please the eare, and with a sweet applause,
Makes me in tearmes coequall with the Gods.
270 Then these Sacrepant, and none but these.

And

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

And these or else make hazard of thy life.
Let it suffice, I will conceale the rest.

Sirra.

Man. My Lord.

Sacrep: My Lord. How basely was this Slaue
brought vp?

That knowes no titles fit for dignitie,
To grace his Master with Hyperboles.

My Lord. Why the basest Baron of faire Affrica,
Deserues as much: yet Countie Sacrepant,
Must he a swaine salute with name of Lord.

180

Sirra, what thinkes the Emperour of my colours,
Because in field I weare both blue and red at once?

Man. They deeme my Lord, your Honor liues
at peace,

As one thats newter in these mutinies,
And couets to rest equall frends to both:
Neither enuious to Prince Mandricard,
Nor wishing ill vnto Marfillus,

That you may safely passe where ere you please,
With frendly salutations from them both.

290

Sac: I, so they gesse, but leuell farre awrie;
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine Embleme forteth to another sense.

I weare not these as one resolut to peace,
But blue and red as enemy to both.

Blue, as hating King Marfillus;

And red, as in reuenge to Mandricard:

Foe vnto both, friend onely to my selfe,

And to the crowne, for thats the golden marke,

300

Which

cf. love sequences

THE HISTORIE OF

Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe
Seest not thou all men presage I shall be King:
Marfillus sends to me for peace,
Mandrecard puts of his cap ten mile of,
Two things more & then I cannot mis the crowne.

Man: O what be those my good Lord.

Sacr: First must I get the loue of faire Angelica.

Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt to haue what I desire,

310 But how I might best with mine honor woo,

Write, or intreate: fie that fitteth not,
Send by Ambassadors: no thats too base.

Flatly command I thats for Sacrepant:

Say thou art Sacrepant and art in loue

And who in Affricke dare say the Countie nay.

O Angelica, fairer then Chloris when in al her pride

Bright Mayas sonne intrapt her in the net,

Wherewith Vulcan intangled the God of warre.

Man: Your honor is so far in contemplation of

320 Angelica,

As you haue forgot the second in attaining to the
crowne.

Sac: Thats to be done by poyson, prowesse, or
anie meanes of treacherie to put to death the trai-
trous Orlando. But who is this comes here. Stand
close.

Enter Orgalio Orlandos Page.

Org: I am sent on imassage to the right migh-
tie

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

tie and magnificent: alias, the right proud and pontificall the Countie Sacrepant. For Marfillus & Orlando knowing him to be as full of prowesse as policie, and fearing least in leaning to the other faction, hee might greatly preiudice them, they seeke first to hold the candle before the diuell: & knowing hym to be a Thrafonicall mad-cap, they haue sent mee a Gnathonicall companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now fir, knowing his astronomical humors, as one that gazeth so high at the starres, as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the streetes. But whist, Lupus est in fabula.

braggart soldier
Parasite

340

Sac: Sirra, thou that ruminatest to thy selfe a catalogue of priuie conspiracies, what art thou?

Org: God saue your Maiestie?

Sac: My Maiestie, come hether my well nutrimented Knaue, whom takest me to bee?

Org: The mightie Mandricard of Mexico.

Sacr: I hold these salutations as omynous, for saluting mee by that which I am not, hee presageth what I shall be; for so did the Lacedemonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter, wore the Kingly Diadem, but why deemest thou me to be the mightie Mandricard of Mexico?

Org: Marie fir.

Sacr: Stay there, wert thou neuer in France.

Org: Yes, if it please your Maiestie.

Sac: So it seemes for there they salute their king by the name of Sir, Mounfier, but forward.

Org: Such sparkes of peerlesse Maiestie,

C

From

THE HISTORIE OF

From those looks flames like lightning from the East
 360 As either Mandricard, or else some greater Prince.

Sacr: Me thinks these salutations makes my thoughts
 To be heroicall. But say to whom art thou sent?

Org: To the Countie Sacrepant.

Sacr: Why I am he.

Org: It pleaseth your Maiestie to iest.

Sacr: What ere I seeme, I tell thee I am he.

Org: Then may it please your honor: the Em-
 peror Marfillus together with his daughter Angeli-
 ca and Orlando entreateth your Excellencie to dine
 370 with them.

Sacr: Is Angelica there?

Org: There my good Lord.

Sacr: Sirra.

Man. My Lord.

Sacr: Villaine, Angelica sends for me.

See that thou entertaine that happie messenger.

And bring him in with thee. Exeunt omnes.

Act I
sc. ii Enter Orlando, the Duke of Aquitaine, the
 Countie Rosilion with souldiers.

380 Orl: Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,
 Whose glories brighter than the burnisht gates,
 From whence Latonas lordly sonne doth march,
 When mounted on his coach tinfeld with flames,
 He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens.
 This is the place where Rodamant lies hid:
 Here lyes he like the theefe of Theffaly,

Which

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Which feuds abroad, and fearcheth for his pray;
 And being gotten, straight he gallops home,
 As one that dares not breake a speare in field.
 But trust me Princes I haue girt his fort, 390
 And I will sacke it, or on this Castle wall,
 Ile write my resolution with my blood.
 Therefore drum sound a parle.

Sound a Parle, and one comes vpon the walls.

Sol: Who is that troubleth our sleepes?

Orl: Why sluggard, seest thou not Lycaons son
 The hardie plough-swaine vnto mightie Ioue,
 Hath tracde his siluer furrowes in the heauens,
 And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,
 Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot. 400
 I tell thee sluggard, sleep is farre vnfit
 For such as still haue hammering in their heads,
 But onely hope of honor and reuenge.
 These cald me forth to rouse thy master vp.
 Tell him from me, false coward as he is,
 That Orlando the Countie Palatine,
 Is come this morning with a band of French,
 To play him hunt-vp with a poynt of warre.
 Ile be his minstrell with my drum and fife:
 Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare, 410
 Let Fortune throw her fauors where she list.

Sol: French-man between halfe sleeping & awake
 Although the mystie vayle straind ouer Cynthia,
 Hinders my sight from noting all thy crue:

C ij.

Yet

THE HISTORIE OF

Yet for I know thee and thy stragling groomes
Can in conceit build Castles in the Skie:
But in your actions like the stammering Greeke,
Which breathes his courage bootlesse in the aire.
I wish thee well Orlando: get thee gone,

420 Say that a Centynell did suffer thee:
For if the Round or Court of Gard should heare
Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles welth the welth of all his Westerne mynes,
Found in the mountaines of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransome to the King for thee.

Orl: Braue Centynell if nature hath incast,
A sympathie of courage to thy tale,
And like the champion of Andromache,
Thou or thy master dare come out the gates.

430 Maugre the watch, the round, or Court of gard,
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but still the crauin sleepes secure,
Pitching his gard within a trench of stones;
Tell him his walls shall serue him for no prooffe,
But as the sonne of Saturne in his wrath
Pasht all the mountaines at Typheus head,
And topsie turuie turnd the bottome vp,
So shall the Castle of proud Rodamant:
And so braue Lords of France, lets to the fight.

440 Exeunt omnes.

Act I
sc. iii Alarums. Rodamant and Brandemart flie.

Enter Orlando with his coate.

Orl:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Orl: The Foxe is scapde, but heres his case:
I mist him nere, twas time for him to trudge.
How now my Lord of Aquitaine?

Aquit: My Lord, the Court of gard is put vnto
the sword,
And all the watch that thought themselues so sure;
So that not one within the Castle breaths.
Orl: Come then, lets post amaine to finde out 450
Rodamant,
And then in triumph march vnto Marfillus. Exeunt

Enter Medor and Angelica.

Act II
sc. i

An: I meruaile Medor what my father meanes
To enter league with Countie Sacrepant?

Med: Madam, the king your fathers wife inough,
He knowes the Countie (like to Cassius)
Sits sadly dumping, ayming Cæsars death,
Yet crying Ave to his Maiestie.
But Madame marke a while, and you shall see, 460
Your Father shake him off from secrecie.

Ang: So much I gesse, for when he wild I should
Giue entertainment to the doating Earle,
His speach was ended with a frowning smile.

Med: Madame, see where he comes; Ile be gone.
Exit Medor.

Enter Sacrepant and his man.

Sacr: How fares my faire Angelica?

C iij.

Ang:

THE HISTORIE OF

Ang: Well that my Lord so frendly is in league
470 (As honor wills him with Marfillus.

Sac: Angelica shal I haue a word or two with thee

Ang: What pleaseth my Lord for to command.

Sac: Then know my loue, I cannot paint my grief
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her sonne,
Reporting such a Catalogue of toyes.
It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate,
Onely giue leaue my faire Angelica,
To say the Countie is in loue with thee.

Ang: Pardon my Lord, my loues are ouer-past,
480 So firmly is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As loue hath left no place for anie else.

Sac: Why ouer-weening Damsel, seeest thou not,
Thy lawlesse loue vnto this stragling mate.
Hath fild our Affrick Regions full of bloud,
And wilt thou still perseuer in thy loue?
Tush leaue the Palatine, and goe with mee.

Ang: Braue Countie know where sacred Loue
The knot of Gordion at the shrine of Ioue, (vnites,
Was neuer halfe so hard or intricate,
490 As be the bands which louely Venus ties.

Sweete is my loue: and for I loue my Lord,
Seek not vnlesse as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-fwaines traces with thy sword,
Or slice the slender fillets of my life:
Or else my Lord, Orlando must be mine.

Sac: Stand I on loue? Stoop I to Venus lure,
That neuer yet did feare the God of warre?
Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant

Held

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Held louers paines for pining pafsions?
Shall fuch a Syren offer me more wrong, 500
Than they did to the Prince of Ithaca?

No: as he his eares, fo Countie ftop thine eye.

Goe to your needle (Ladie) and your clouts.

Goe to fuch milk-fops as are fit for loue:

I will imploy my bufie braines for warre,

Ang: Let not my Lords deniall breed offence,

Loue doth allow her fauors but to one,

Nor can there fit within the fared shrine

Of Venus, more than one installed hart.

Orlando is the Gentleman I loue, 510

And more than he may not inioy my loue.

Sac: Damfell be gone, fancie hath taken leaue;

Where I tooke hurt there haue I heald my felfe,

As thofe that with Achilles lance were wounded,

Fetcht helpe at felfe fame pointed fpeare.

Beautie gan braue, and beautie hath repulfe:

And Beautie get ye gone to your Orlando.

Exit Angelica.

Man. My Lord: hath loue amated him whose
thoughts 520

Haue euer been heroycall and braue?

Stand you in dumpes like to the Mirmydon,

Trapt in the treffes of Polixena:

Who amid the glorie of his chiuallrie,

Sat daunted with a maid of Afia.

Sac: Thinkft thou my thoghts are lunacies of loue?

No, they are brands fierd in Plutoes forge,

Where

THE HISTORIE OF

Where fits Tisphone tempring in flames
Those torches that doo set on fire Reuenge.

530 I lovd the Dame, but bravd by her repulse,
Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills:
Which first must come by offering preiudice
Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.

Man: O how may that be brought to passe my
Lord?

Sacr: Thus. Thou seest that Medor & Angelica
Are still so secret in their priuate walkes,
As that they trace the shadie lawndes,
And thickest shadowed groues;
540 Which well may breed suspicion of some loue.
Now than the French no Nation vnder heauen
Is sooner tutcht with stings of iealozie.

Man. And what of that my Lord?

Sac: Hard by for solace in a secret Groue,
The Countie once a day failes not to walke:
There solemnly he ruminates his loue.
Vpon those shrubs that compasse in the spring,
And on those trees that border in those walkes,
Ile sily haue engravn on everie barke
550 The names of Medor and Angelica.

Hard by Ile haue some roundelayes hung vp,
Wherein shalbe some posies of their loues,
Fraughted so full of fierie passions,
As that the Countie shall perceiue by prooffe,
Medor hath won his faire Angelica.

Man. Is this all my Lord? (cloathd,

Sacr: No. For thou like to a shepheard shalt bee
With

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

With staffe and bottle like some countrey fwaine,
That tends his flockes feeding vpon these downes.
There see thou buzze into the Counties eates, 560
That thou hast often seene within these woods
Base Medor sporting with Angelica.
And when he heares a shepheards simple tale,
He will not thinke tis faind.

Then either a madding mood will end his loue,
Or worse betyde him through fond iealozie.

Man. Excellent. My Lord, see how I will playe
the Shepheard.

Sac: And marke thou how I play the caruer,
Therefore be gone, and make thee readie straight. 570
Exit his man.

Sacrebant hangs vp the Roundelayes on the
trees, and then goes out, and his man enters
like a shepheard.

Shep: Thus all alone and like a shepheards fwain,
As Paris (when Oenone lovd him well)
Forgat he was the sonne of Priamus,
All clad in gray fate piping on a reed;
So I transformed to this Country shape,
Haunting these groues to worke my masters will, 580
To plague the Palatine with iealozie,
And to conceipt him with some deepe extreame.
Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke.

Enter Orlando and his Page Orgalio.

D

Orl:

THE HISTORIE OF

Orl: Orgalio, goe see a Centernell be placde,
And bid the fouldiers keep a Court of gard,
So to hold watch till secret here alone,
I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue.

Org: I will my Lord. Exit Orgalio.

590 Orl: Faire Queene of loue, thou mistres of delight,
Thou gladfome lamp that waitst on Phoebes traine,
Spredding thy kindnes through the iarring Orbes,
That in their vnion praise thy lasting powres.
Thou that hast staid the fierie Phlegons course,
And madest the Coach-man of the glorious waine
To droop, in view of Daphnes excellence.
Faire pride of morne, sweete beautie of the Eeuen,
Looke on Orlando languishing in loue.

Sweete solitarie groues, whereas the Nymphes
600 With pleasance laugh to see the Satyres play;
Witnes Orlandos faith vnto his loue.
Tread she these lawnds, kinde Flora boast thy pride;
Seeke she for shades, spread Cedars for her sake,
Faire Flora make her couch amidst thy flowres,
Sweet Christall springs, wash ye with roses,
When she longs to drinke. Ah, thought my heauen;
Ah heauen that knowes my thought.
Smile ioy, in her that my content hath wrought.

Shep: The heauen of loue is but a pleasant hell,
610 Where none but foolish wise imprisned dwell.

Orl: Orlando, what contrarious thoghts be these,
That flocke with doubtfull motions in thy minde?
Heavn smiles, & trees do boast their summers pride:
What? Venus writes her triumphs here beside.

She:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

She: Yet when thine eie hath seen, thy hart shal rue
The tragick chance that shortly shall ensue.

Orlando readeth.

Orl: Angelica. Ah sweete and heauenly name,
Life to my life, and essence to my ioy.
But soft this Gordion knot together co-unites 620
A Medor partner in her peerlesse loue.
Vnkinde: and wil she bend her thoughts to change?
Her name, her writing? Ah foolish and vnkinde.
No name of hers; vnles the brookes relent
To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe
To raise his moystned lockes from out the reedes,
And flow with calme alongst his turning bounds:
No name of hers, vnles Zephyrus blow
Her dignities alongst Ardenia woods;
Where all the world for wonders doo await. 630
And yet her name; for why Angelica:
But mixt with Medor, not Angelica.
Onely by me was lovd Angelica,
Onely for me must liue Angelica.
I finde her drift, perhaps the modest pledge
Of my content, hath with a secret smile
And sweet disguise restraind her fancie thus,
Figuring Orlando vnder Medors name:
Fine drift (faire Nymph) Orlando hopes no lesse.

He spyes the Roundelayes. 640

D ij.

Yet

THE HISTORIE OF

Yet more are Muses masking in these trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a Goddesse in despite of me,
That haue no other but Angelica.

Shep: Poore haples man, these thoughts con-
taine the hell,

Orlando reades this roundelay.

Angelica is Ladie of his hart,
Angelica is substance of his ioy,
650 Angelica is medicine of his smart,
Angelica hath healed his annoy.

Orl: Ah false Angelica. What haue we more?

Another.

Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie springs,
The Cedar, Cypressse, Laurell, and the Pine,
Ioy in the notes of loue that Medor sings,
Of those sweet looks Angelica of thine.
Then Medor in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night.

660 Orl: What dares Medor court my Venus?
What may Orlando deeme?
Aetna forsake the bounds of Sicily,
For now in me thy restlessse flames appeare,
Refusd, contemnd, disdained: what worse than these?
Orgalio.

Org:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Org: My Lord.

Orl: Boy, view these trees carued with true loue
The inscription Medor and Angelica: (knots,
And read these verses hung vp of their loues.

Now tell me boy, what dost thou thinke? 670

Org: By my troth my Lord, I thinke Angelica
is a woman.

Orl: And what of that?

Org: Therefore vnconstant, mutable, hauing
their loues hanging in their ey-lids; that as they are
got with a looke, so they are lost againe with a wink.
But heres a Shepheard, it may be he can tell vs news.

Orl: What messenger hath Ate sent abroad,
With idle lookes to listen my laments.

Sirra, who wronged happy Nature so, 680
To spoyle these trees with this Angelica?
Yet in her name (Orlando) they are blest.

Shep: I am a shepheard swaine, thou wandring
Knight,

That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue.

Orl: As follow loue? why darest thou dispraise
my heauen,

Or once disgrace or preiudice her name?

Is not Angelica the Queene of loue,

Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowrs 690
She is.

Then speake thou peasant, what is he that dares

Attempt to court my Queene of loue.

Or I shall send thy soule to Charons charge.

Sh: Braue knight since feare of death inforceth still

D iij.

In

THE HISTORIE OF

In greater mindes submission and relent :
 Know that this Medor whose unhappie name
 Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,
 Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.

700 Yon caue beares witnes of their kind content,
 Yon medowes talke the actions of their ioy.
 Our Shepheards in their songs of solace sing,
 Angelica doth none but Medor loue.

Orl: Angelica doth none but Medor loue?
 Shall Medor then possesse Orlandos loue?
 Daintie and glad some beames of my delight,
 Delicious browes, why smiles your heauen for those
 That wandring make you proue Orlandos foes :
 Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian Nimphs,
 710 That wont to waile your new departed loues :
 Thou weeping floud, leaue Orpheus waile for me,
 And Titans Neeces gather all in one
 Those fluent springs of your lamenting teares,
 And let them flow alongst my faintfull lookes.

Shep: Now is the fire late smothered in suspect,
 Kindled and burnes within his angrie brest.
 Now haue I done the will of Sacrepant.

Orl: Foemineum seruile genus, crudele, superbum:
 Discurteous women, Natures fairest ill,
 720 The woe of man, that first created curse;
 Base female sex, sprung from blacke Ates loynes,
 Proud, disdainfull, cruell and vniust:
 Whose words are shaded with enchanting wills,
 Worse than Medusa, mateth all our mindes,
 And in their harts sits shameles trecherie

Turn-

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Turning a truthles vile circumference.

O could my furie paint their furies forth,
For hels no hell compared to their harts,
Too simple diuels to conceale their arts.

Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men, 730
Brought for eternall pestilence to the world.

O Femmenelle in genio de toute malle fede,
Comete, vulge, mute, fachilmente,
Contrario, zeto, propria de la fede ;
O infelice, miserate, crede,
Importuna, superbia, dispetoze :
Preua de more, de fede, de confilia,
Timmorare, crudele, ineque, ingrate,
Par pestelenze eternal monde nate.

Villaine, what art thou that followest me? 740

Org: Alas my Lord, I am your seruant Orgalio.

Orl: No villaine thou art Medor that ranst away
with Angelica.

Org: No by my troth my Lord, I am Orgalio,
aske all these people else.

Orl: Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.

-Org: My Lord looke where he sits.

Orl: What, sits he here, and braues me too?

Shep: No truly Sir, I am not he.

Orl: Yes villaine. 750

He drawes him in by the leg.

Org: Help, help, my Lord of Aquitaine.

Enter

THE HISTORIE OF

Enter Duke of Aquitaine, and souldiers.

Org: O my Lord of Aquitaine the Count Orlando is run mad, and taking of a shepheard by the heeles, rends him as one would teare a Larke. See where he comes with a leg on his necke.

Enter Orlando with a leg.

Orl: Villaine, prouide me straight a Lions skin,
760 Thou seest I now am mightie Hercules :
Looke wheres my mafsie club vpon my necke.
I must to hell, to seeke for Medor and Angelica,
Or else I dye.
You that are the rest, get you quickly away,
Prouide ye horses all of burnisht gold,
Saddles of corke because Ile haue them light,
For Charlemaine the Great is vp in armes.
And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes
To seeke for Medor and Angelica.

770 So he beateth them all in before him. Manet Orgalio

Enter Marfillus.

Org: Ah my Lord Orlando.

Mar: Orlando, what of Orlando ?

Org: He my Lord runs madding through the
Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage. (woods,
Step

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Step but aside into the bordring groue,
There shall you see ingrauen on euerie tree,
The lawlesse loue of Medor and Angelica.
O see my Lord, not any shrub but beares
The cursed stampe that wrought the Counties rage. 780
If thou beest mightie King Marfillus,
For whom the Countie would aduenture life:
Reuenge it on the false Angelica.

Mar: Trust me Orgalio, Theseus in his rage,
Did neuer more reuenge his wrongd Hyppolitus,
Than I will on the false Angelica.

Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth
Teare from his brest the daring villaines hart.
Next take that base and damnd adulteresse,
(I scorne to tittle her with daughters name :) 790
Put her in rags, and like some shepheardeffe,
Exile her from my kingdome presently.
Delay not good Orgalio, see it done. Exit Orgalio.

Enter a souldier with Mandricard disguised.

How now my frend, what fellow hast thou there?

Soul: He sayes my Lord that hee is seruant vnto
Mandricard.

Mar: To Mandricard?

It fits me not to sway the Diademe,
Or rule the wealthy Realmes of Barbarie, 800
To staine my thoughts with any cowardise.
Thy master bravde me to my teeth,
He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe,

E

For

THE HISTORIE OF

For which nor he nor his shall scape my hands.
No fouldier, thinke me resolute as hee.

Man: It greeues me much that Princes disagree,
Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward.
But leauing that, pardon me gracious Lord.

Mar: For thou intreatst and newly art arrivd,
810 And yet thy sword is not imbrawd in blood,
Vpon conditions I will pardon thee ;
That thou shalt neuer tell thy master Mandricard,
Nor anie fellow soldier of the campe,
That King Marfillus licenst thee depart :
He shall not thinke I am so much his frend,
That he or one of his shall scape my hand.

Man: I swear my Lord, & vow to keep my word.

Mar: Then take my banderoll of red,
Mine, and none but mine shall honor thee,
820 And safe conduct thee to port Carthagene.

Man: But say my Lord, if Mandricard were here
What fauor should he finde or life or death ?

Mar: I tell thee frend, it fits not for a King
To prize his wrath before his curtesie.
Were Mandricard the King of Mexico
In prison here, and cravde but libertie ;
So little hate hangs in Marfillus breast,
As one intreatie should quite race it out.
But this concernes not thee, therefore farewell.

830 Exit Marfillus.

Man: Thankes & good fortune fall to such a king,
As couets to be counted curteous. (thee.
Blush Mandricard, the honor of thy foe disgraceth
Thou

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Thou wrongest him that wilheth thee but well.
 Thou bringest store of men from Mexico
 To battaile him that scornes to iniure thee,
 Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.
 Backe to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home,
 Bouge not a foote to aid Prince Rodomant,
 But frendly gratulate these fauors found, 840
 And meditate on nought but to be frends. Exit.

Enter Orlando attired like a mad-man.

Act III
sc. i

Orl: Woods, trees, leaues; leaues, trees, woods:
 tria sequuntur tria. Ho Minerua, falve, God morrow
 how doo you to day? Tell me sweet Goddesse, will
 Ioue send Mercury to Calipso to let mee goe. Will
 he? why then hees a Gentleman euerie haire a the
 head on him. But ho Orgalio, where art thou boy?

Org: Here my Lord, did you call mee?

Orl: No, nor name thee.

850

Org: Then God be with you.

Orgalio proffers to goe in.

Orl: Nay pree thee good Orgalio stay,
 Canst thou not tell me what to say?

Org: No by my troth.

Orl: O this it is, Angelica is dead.

Org: Why then she shall be buried.

Orl: But my Angelica is dead.

Org: Why it may be so.

Orl: But shees dead and buried.

860

E ij

Org:

THE HISTORIE OF

Org: I, I thinke so.

Orl: Nothing but I thinke so, and it may be so.
He beateth him.

Org: What doo ye meane my Lord?

Orl: Why shall I tell you that my Loue is dead,
and can ye not weep for her.

Org: Yes yes my Lord I will.

Orl: Well doo so then. Orgalio.

Org: My Lord.

870 Orl: Angelica is dead.

Orgalio cries.

Ah poore slaue, so, crie no more now.

Org: Nay I haue quickly done.

Orl: Orgalio.

Org: My Lord.

Orl: Medors Angelica is dead.

Orgalio cries, and Orlando beats him againe.

Org: Why doo ye beat me my Lord?

Orl: Why slaue, wilt thou weep for Medors An-
880 lica, thou must laugh for her.

Org: Laugh? yes, Ile laugh all day and you will.

Orl: Orgalio.

Org: My Lord.

Orl: Medors Angelica is dead.

Org: Ha ha ha ha.

Orl: So, tis well now.

Org: Nay this is easier than the other was.

Orl: Now away, seek the hearb Moly, for I must
to

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

to hell, to seeke for Medor and Angelica.

Org: I know not the hearb Moly ifaith.

890

Orl: Come Ile lead ye to it by the eares.

Org: Tis here my Lord, tis here.

Orl: Tis indeed, now to Charon, bid him dresse
his boat, for he had neuer such a passenger.

Org: Shall I tell him your name? Exit.

Orl: No, then he wil be afraid, & not be at home.

Enter two Clownes.

Tho: Sirra Rafe, and thoult goe with me, Ile let
thee see the braueſt mad man that euer thou ſawſt.

Rafe. Sirra Tom: I beleeeue twas he that was at 900
our towne a ſunday, Ile tell thee what he did firra: he
came to our houſe, when all our folkes were gone
to Church, and there was no bodie at home but I, &
I was turning of the ſpit, and he comes in, & bad me
fetch him ſome drinke. Now I went and fetcht him
ſome, & ere I came againe, by my troth he ran away
with the roſt-meate ſpit and all, & ſo we had nothing
but porredge to dinner.

Thomas. By my troth that was braue, but firrha
he did ſo courſe the boyes laſt ſunday: and if ye call 910
him mad-man, heel run after you, & tickle your ribs
ſo with his flap of leather that he hath as it paſſeth.

They ſpie Orlando.

Rafe Oh Tom looke where he is, call him mad-
man.

Tom. Mad-man, mad-man.

E iij

Rafe

THE HISTORIE OF

Rafe: Mad-man, mad-man.

Orl: What saist thou villaine?

He beateth them.

920 So now you shall be both my Souldiers.

Tom: Your foldiers, we shall haue a mad Cap-
taine then.

Orl: You must fight against Medor.

Raf: Yes let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

Orl: Come then and Ile giue you weapons strait.
Exeunt omnes.

Act III

sc. ii

Enter Angelica like a poore woman.

An: Thus causeles banisht from thy natue home,
Here sit Angelica and rest a while,
930 For to bewaile the fortunes of thy loue.

Enter Rodamant and Brandemart with
Souldiers.

Roda: This way she went, & far she cannot be.

Brand: See where she is my Lord, speak as if you
knew her not.

Ro: Faire shepherdesse for so thy sitting seemes,
Or Nymph for lesse thy beauty cannot be:

What feede you sheepe vpon these downes?

Ange: Daughter I am vnto a bordering Swaine,
940 That tend my flocks within these shady groues.

Roda: Fond gyrl thou liest, thou art Angelica.

Brand: I thou art shee that wrongd the Palatine.

Ange: For I am knowne albeit I am disguise,
Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throte,

Sith

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Sith thou reportst I wrongd the Palatine.

Brand: Nay then thou shalt be vsed according to
thy deserts, come bring her to our Tents.

Roda: But stay what Drum is this?

Enter Orlando with a Drum, and souldiers
with spits and dripping-pans.

950

Br: Now see Angelica the fruits of all your loue.

Orl: Souldiers, this is the Citie of great Babilon,
Where proud Darius was rebated from,
Play but the men and I will lay my head,
Weele sacke and raze it ere the funne be set.

Clowne: Yea and scratch it too,
March faire fellow frying-pan. (ter?

Orl: Orgalio, knowst thou the cause of my laugh-

Org: No by my troth, nor no wise-man else.

Orl: Why firra to thinke that if the enemy were 960
fled ere we come, weele not leaue one of our own
souldiers aliue, for wee two will kill them with our
fists.

Rafe: Fo come lets goe home againe, heele set
Probatum est vpon my headpeece anon.

Orl: No, no, thou shalt not be hurt, nor thee,
Backe souldiers, looke where the enemy is.

Tom: Captaine, they haue a woman amongst
them.

Orl: And what of that?

970

Tom: Why strike you downe the men, and then
let me alone to thrust in the woman.

Orl:

THE HISTORIE OF

Orl: No I am challenged the single fight,
Syrra, ift you challenge me the combate.

Brand: Franticke companion, lunatick & wood,
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heauen,
Thy madnes shall not priuiledge thy life.

Orl: I tell thee villaine Medor wrongd me so,
Sith thou art come his Champion to the field,
980 Ile learne thee know I am the Palatine.

Alarum: They fight, Orlando kills Brandemart,
and all the rest flie but Angelica.

Org: Looke my Lord heres one kild.

Orl: Who kild him?

Org: You my Lord I thinke.

Orl: I? No, no, I see who kild him.

He goeth to Angelica and knowes her not.

Come hither gentle fir, whose prowesse hath per-
formde such an act, thinke not the curteous Palatine
990 will hinder that thine Honour hath atchieude, Or-
galio fetch me a sword, that presently this squire may
be dubd a Knight.

Ange: Thankes gentle Fortune that sendes mee
such good hap,
Rather to die by him I love so deare,
Than live and see my Lord thus lunaticke.

Org: Here my Lord.

Orl: If thou beest come of Lancelots worthy
line welcome thou art,
1000 Kneele downe fir Knight, rise vp fir Knight,
Here

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Here take this sword, and hie thee to the fight.

Exit Angelica.

Now tell me Orgalio, what dost thou thinke,
Will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire?

Org: He cannot chuse being of your making.

Orl: But wheres Angelica now?

Org: Faith I cannot tell.

Orl: Villaine find her out,

Or else the torments that Ixion feeles,
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides.

1010

Villaine wilt thou finde her out.

Org: Alas my Lord, I know not where she is.

Orl: Run to Charlemaine, spare for no cost,
Tell him Orlando sent for Angelica.

Org: Faith Ile fetch you such an Angelica as you
neuer saw before.

Exit Orgalio.

Orl: As though that Sagittarius in his pride,
Could take braue Læda from stout Iupiter?
And yet forsooth Medor, base Medor durst
Attempt to reue Orlando of his loue.

1020

Sirra, you that are the messenger of Ioue,
You that can sweep it through the milke white path
That leads vnto the Senate house of Mars.
Fetch me my shield temperd of purest steele,
My helme forgd by the Cyclops for Anchises sonne,
And see if I dare not combat for Angelica.

Enter Orgalio with the Clowne drest lyke
Angelica.

Org: Come away, and take heed you laugh not.

Cl: No I warrant you, but I thinke I had best go

1030

F

backe

THE HISTORIE OF

backe and shaue my beard.

Org: Tush, that will not be seene.

Cl: Well you will giue me the halfe crowne ye
promist me.

Org: Doubt not of that man.

Cl: Sirra, didst not see me serue the fellow a fine
tricke, when we came ouer the market place.

Org: Why, how was that?

Cl: Why hee comes to me, and said; Gentlewo-
1040 man, wilt please you take a pint or a quart. No Gen-
tlewoman said I, but your frend and Doritie.

Org: Excellent: come see where my Lord is.
My Lord, here is Angelica.

Orl: Mas thou saist true, tis she indeed;
How fares the faire Angelica?

Cl: Well I thanke you hartely.

Orl: Why art thou not that same Angelica,
15 Whose hiew as bright as faire Erythea
That darkes Canopus with her siluer hiew?

1050 Cl: Yes forsooth.

Orl: Are not these the beauteous cheekes,
Wherein the Lillies and the natieue Rose
Sits equall futed with a blushing red?

Cl: He makes a garden plot in my face.

Orl: Are not my dere those radiant eyes,
Whereout proud Phœbus flasheth out his beames?

Cl: Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers brauely.

Orl: You are Angelica?

Cl: Yes marry am I.

1060 Orl: Wheres your sweet hart Medor?

Cl:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Cl: Orgalio, giue me eighteen pence, & let me go.

Orl: Speake strumpet, speake.

Cl: Marry fir he is drinking a pint or a quart.

Orl: Why strumpet, worse than Mars his troth-
lesse loue. (scape.

Falser than faithles Cressida: strumpet thou shalt not

Cl: Come, come, you doo not vse me like a gen-
tlewoman; and if I be not for you I am for another.

Orl: Are you, that will I trie.

He beateth him out. Exeunt omnes. 1070

Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with *Act IV*
drum and trumpets. *sc. i*

Og: Braue Peeres of France, sith wee haue past
the bounds,

Whereby the wrangling billowes seekes for straites
To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes:

Sith we haue furrowd through those wandring tides
Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys dance

Vpon the Hyperborean billowes crests,
That braues with streames the watrie Occident: 1080

And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime,

Sought too by greedie mindes for hurtfull gold.

Now let vs seeke to venge the Lampe of France,

That lately was eclipsed in Angelica.

Now let vs seeke Orlando forth our Peere,

Though from his former wits lately estrangd,

Yet famous in our fauors as before.

And sith by chance we all encountred bee.

F ij Lets

THE HISTORIE OF

Lets seeke reuenge on her that wrought his wrong.

1090 Names. But being thus arrivd in place vnkown,
Who shall direct our course vnto the Court,
Where braue Marfillus keepes his royall State.

Enter Marfillus and Mandricard like Palmers.

Og: Loe here, two Indian Palmers hard at hand
Who can perhaps resolue our hidden doubts.

Palmers, God speed.

Mar: Lordings, we greet you well. (tel.

Og: Where lies Marfillus Court, frend canst thou

Mar: His Court is his campe, the Prince is now
1100 in armes.

Turpin. In armes? Whats he that dares annoy so
great a King.

Man: Such as both loue & furie doth confound,
Fierce Sacrepant, incenst with strange desires,
Warres on Marfillus, and Rodamant being dead,
Hath leuied all his men, and traitor-like
Assailes his Lord, and louing soueraigne.
And Mandricard who late hath been in armes,
To prosecute reuenge against Marfillus,
1110 Is now through fauors past become his frend.
Thus stands the state of matchles India.

Og: Palmer, I like thy braue and breef discourse,
And couldst thou bring vs to the Princes campe,
We would acknowledge frendship at thy hands.

Mar: Ye stranger Lords, why seeke ye out Mar-
fillus?

Ol: In hope that he whose Empire is so large,
Will make both minde and Monarchie agree.

Mar:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Mar: Whence are you Lords, and what request
you here?

1120

Names. A question ouer-hautie for thy weed,
Fit for the King himselfe for to propound.

Man: O fir, know that vnder simple weeds
The Gods haue maskt, then deeme not with disdain
To answere to this Palmers question,
Whose coat includes perhaps as great as yours.

Og: Hautie their words, their persons ful of state,
Though habit be but meane, their mindes excell.
Well Palmers know that Princes are in India arrivd
Yea euen those westerne princely peeres of France, 1130
That through the world aduentures vndertake,
To find Orlando late incenst with rage.

Then Palmers sith you know our stiles and state,
Aduise vs where your King Marfillus is.

Mar: Lordings of France, here is Marfillus,
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in person bring you to his campe.

Og: Marfillus, and thus disguisd?

Mar: Euen Marfillus, and thus disguisd.
But what request these Princes at my hand?

1140

Turpin. We sue for law and iustice at thy hand,
We seeke Angelica thy daughter out;
That wanton maid, that hath eclipsd the ioy
Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.

Mar: My daughter Lords, why shees exile,
And her grieu'd father is content to lose
The pleasure of his age to countnance law.

Oli: Not onely exile shall await Angelica,

F iij

But

THE HISTORIE OF

But death and bitter death shall follow her,
 1150 Then yeeld vs right Marfillus, or our swords
 Shall make thee feare to wrong the Pieres of France.

Mar: Wordes cannot daunt mee Princes bee as-
 furde,

But law and iustice shall ouerrule in this,
 And I will burie fathers name and loue,
 The haples maide bannisht from out my Land,
 Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne,
 Her if yee finde with furie persecute,
 I now disdaine the name to be her Father,
 1160 Lords of France what would you more of me.

Oger: Marfillus wee commende thy Princely
 minde,

And will report thy iustice through the world,
 Come Peeres of France lets seeke Angelica,
 Left for a spoile to our reuenging thoughts.

Exeunt omnes.

Act IV
sc. ii

Enter Orlando like a Poet.

Orl: Orgalio, is not my loue like those purple
 coloured swans,
 1170 That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia.

Org: Yes marry is shee my Lord.

Orl: Is not her face filuerd like that milke-white
 shape,

When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele.

Org: It is my Lord.

Orl: Then goe thy waies and clime vp to the Clouds,
 And

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

And tell Apollo that Orlando fits,
Making of verses for Angelica.
And if he doo denie to fend me downe
The shirt which Deianyra sent to Hercules, 1180
To make me braue vpon my wedding day;
Tell him Ile passe the Alpes, and vp to Meroe,
(I know he knowes that watrie lakish hill)
And pull the harpe out of the minstrelis hands,
And pawne it vnto louely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the faire Angelica.

Org: But my Lord Apollo is a sleepe & will not
heare me,

Orl: Then tell him he is a sleepey knaue:
But firra let no body trouble mee, for I must lie 1190
downe a while and talke with the starres.

Entet Fidler.

Org: What old acquaintance well met.

Fidler. Ho you would haue me play Angelica a-
gaine, would ye not?

Org: No, but I can tell thee where thou mayest
earne two or three shillings this morning, euen with
the turning of a hand.

Fidler: Two or three shillings, tush thou wot
cossen me thou, but and thou canst tell where I may 1200
earne a groate, Ile giue thee fixe pence for thy
paines.

Org: Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

Fid: Why he is mad still is he not.

Org:

THE HISTORIE OF

Org: No, no, come play.

Fidler. At which side dooth he vse to giue his reward.

Org: Why of anie side.

Fidler. Doth he not vse to throw the chamber pot
1210 sometimes? Twould greeue me he should wet my
fiddle strings.

Org: Tush I warrant thee.

He playes and fings any odde toy, and
Orlando wakes.

Orl: Who is this, Shan Cuttelero? hartely welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

Fidler. No fir, you should haue said Shan the Fiddeldero.

Orl: What, hast thou brought me my sword?

1220 He takes away his fiddle.

Fidler. A sword? No no fir, thats my fiddle.

Orl: But dost thou think the temper to be good?
And will it hold, when thus and thus we Medor do
assaille?

He strikes and beates him with the fiddle.

Fidler. Lord fir, youle breake my liuing.
You told me your master was not mad.

Orl: Tel me, why hast thou mard my sword?
The pummells well, the blade is curtaid short.

Vil-

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Villaine why hast thou made it so,

1130

Fidler. O Lord Sir, will you answere this?

He breakes it about his head.

Exit Fidler.

Enter Melissa with a glasse of Wine.

Orl. Orgalio who is this?

Orga. Faith my Lord some old witch I thinke.

Mel. O that my Lord woulde but conceit my tale.

Then would I speake and hope to finde redresse.

Orl: Faire Polixena, the pride of Illion,

1140

Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy,

Pyrrus shall not, &c.

Sounes Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?

Orga: come, come, stand by, your breath stinkes.

Orl: What, be all the Trogians fled,

Then giue me some drinke.

Mel: Here Palatine drinke, and euer be thou better for this draught.

Orl: What here the paltrie bottle that Darius 1150
quaft,

Hee drinks, and she charmes him with
her wand, and lies downe to sleepe.

Else would I set my mouth to Tygres streames,

And drinke vp overflowing Euphrates,

My eyes are heauie, and I needs must sleep.

Melissa striketh with her wande, and the Satyres

G

enter

THE HISTORIE OF

enter with musicke and plaie round about him,
which done, they staie, he awaketh and speakes.

- 1160 What shewes are these that fill mine eies
With view of such regard as heauen admires,
To see my slumbring dreames,
Skies are fulfild with lampes of lasting ioy,
That boast the pride of haught Latonas sonne,
He lightneth all the candles of the night.
Nymfene hath kist the kingly Ioue,
And entertained a feast within my brains,
Making her daughter solace on my brow,
Mee thinks I feele how Cinthya tunes conceites
1170 Of sad repent, and meloweth those desires
Which phrensies scares had ripened in my head.
Ate Ile kisse thy restlesse cheeke a while,
And suffer vile repent to bide controll,

He lieth downe againe.

- Mel: *O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deæque,
Nymphæ Hamadriades, Driades, Persæque potentes,
O vos qui colttes lacusque laeosque profundos,
Infernasque domus, & nigra palatia Ditis:
Tuque Demogorgon qui noctis fata gubernas,
1180 Qui regis infernum, solemque, solumque, cælumque,
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes,
In caput Orlandi cælestes spargite lympos,
Spargite, quis misere reuocetur raptator umbras
Orlando infelix anima.*

Then let the musicke play before him, and so
goe forth.



Orl:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Orl: What sights, what shewes, what fearefull
shapes are these?

More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba,
When fall of Troy was figured in her sleepe. 1290
Iuno mee thought sent downe from heauen by
Ioue.

Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy aire
And calling Fame the Satyres and the nymphs,
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew,
With that mounted on her parti-coloured coach
Being drawn with peacockes proudly through
the aire,

She flew with Iris to the sphere of Ioue.
What fearefull thoughts arise vpon this show? 1300
What desert groue is this? How thus disguisde?
Where is Orgalio?

Orgal: Here my Lord.

Orl: Sirah, how came I thus disguisde,
Like made Orestes quaintly thus disguisd?

Orl: Like mad Orestes, nay my Lord, you may
boldly iustifie the comparison, for Orestes was
neuer so mad in his life as you were.

Orl: What was I mad? What furie hath in-
chanted me? 1310

Mel: A furie sure worse than Megera was,
That rest her sonne from trustie Pilades.

Orl: Why, what art thou, some Sybel orsome
goddesse, freely speake?

Mel: Time not affords to tell each circum-
stance?

THE HISTORY OF

But thrice hath Cynthia changde her hiew
 Since thou infected with a lunasie,
 Hast gadded vp and downe these lands & groues
 1320 Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,
 All for the loue of faire Angelica,
 Whome thou with Medor didst suppose plaide
 false,
 But Sacrepant had grauen these rundelaies,
 To sting thee with infecting iealousie;
 The swaine that tolde thee of their oft conuerse,
 Was seruant vnto Countie Sacrepant,
 And trust me Orlando, Angelica though true to
 thee,
 1330 Is banisht from the court,
 And Sacrepant this daie bids battel to Marfillius
 The armies readie are to giue assaile,
 And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both,
 Stands all the worthie matchles peeres of France
 Who are in quest to seeke Orlando out.
 Muse not at this, for I haue tolde thee true,
 I am she that cured thy disease,
 Here take these weapons giuen thee by the fates,
 And hie thee Countie to the battell straight.
 1340 Or: Thanks sacred Goddess for thy helping hand
 Thether will I hie to be reuengd.
 Alarmes. Exit.

Act V Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing Marfil-
sc. i lus and Mandrecard.

Sacre: Viceroyes you are dead,

For

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

For Sacrepant alreadie crownd a king,
Heaues vp his sword to haue your diadems.

Mar: Traitor, not dead, or anie wit dismaide,
For deare we prize the smallest droppe of bloud.

Enter Orlando with a scarfe be- 1350
fore his face.

Orl: Stay Princes, base not your selues to cum-
bat such a dog.

Mount on your courfers, follow those that flie,
And let your conquering swoordes be tainted in
their blouds

Passé ye, for him he shall be combatted.

Exit Kings.

Sac: Why what art thou that brauest me thus?

Orl: I am thou seest a mercenarie souldier 1360

Homely, yet of such haughtie thoughts;
As noght can serue to quench th'aspiring thoghtes
That burnes as doe the fires of Cicely,
Vnlesse I win that princely diademe,
That seemes so ill vpon thy cowards head.

Sac. Coward. To armes fir boy, I will not brooke
these braues,

If Mars himselte euen from his firie throne,
Came armde with all his furnitures of warre.

They fight.

1370

Oh villaine, thou hast slaine a prince.

Orl: Then maist thou think that Mars himself
Came down to vaile thy plumes, and heaue thee

G 3

from

THE HISTORIE OF

from thy pompe.

Proud that thou art, I recke not of thy gree,
But I will haue the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glorie of thy diadem.

Sac: These words bewraie thou art no base born
moore,

1380 But by descent sprong from some roiall line,
Then freely tell me whats thy name.

Orl: Nay first let me know thine?

Sac: Then know that thou hast slaine Prince
Sacrepant.

Orl: Sacrepant. Then let me at thy dying day
intreate,

By that same sphere wherein thy soule shall rest,
If loue denie not passage to thy ghost,

Thou tell mee whether thou wrongdst Angelica
or no.

1390

Sac: O thats the sting that pricks my conscience
Oh thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke,
I tel thee knight, for thou doest seeme no lesse,
That I ingravde the rundelaies on the trees,
And hung the sedulet of poore Medors loue,
Intending so to breed debate,
Betweene Orlando and Angelica,
O thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica.
Now tell me what shall I call thy name.

1400 Orl: Then dead is the fatall authour of my ill,
Base villaine, vassall, vnworthie of a crowne,
Knowe that the man that stricke the fatall stroke,
Is Orlando the Countie Palatine,

Whome

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Whome fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs
Thou foild and slain, it now behoues me straight
To hie me fast to massacre thy men,
And so farewell thou deuill in shape of man.

Exit.

Sac: Hath Demogorgon ruler of the fates,
Set such a balefull period on my life,
As none might end the daies of Sacrepant,
But mightie Orlando riual of my loue,
Now holdeth the fatall murderers of men,
The sharpned knife readie to cut my threed,
Ending the scene of all my tragedie,
This daie, this houre, this minute ends the daies
Of him that liude worthie olde Nestors age.

1410

Phœbus put on thy sable futed wreath,
Cladde all thy sphares in darke and mourning
weedes.

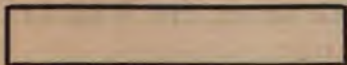
1420

Parcht be the earth to drinke vp euery spring,
Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue,
Heauen turne to brasse, & earth to wedge of steel
The worlde to cinders, Mars come thundering
downe,
And neuer sheath thy swift reuenging swoorde,
Till like the deluge in Dewcalions daies,
The higgest mountaines swimme in streames of
bloud.

Heauen, earth, men, beasts, & euerie liuing thing
Consume and end with countie Sacrepant.

1430

he dyes.



Enter

THE HISTORY OF

Act V Enter Marfillus, Mandrecard, and twelue peeres
sc. ii with Angelica.

Mar. Fought is the field, & Sacrepant is flaine,
 With such a massacre of all his men,
 As Mars descending in his purple robe,
 Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of bloud
 To banquet all the demie gods of warre.

1440 Mandr. See where hee lies slaughtered without
 the campe,

And by a simple swaine, a mercenarie,
 Who brauely tooke the combat to himselfe,
 Might I but know the man that did the deede,
 I would my Lord eternize him with fame.

Oger: Leauing the factious countie to his death,
 Command my Lord his bodie be conuaid
 Vnto some place as likes your Highnes best,
 See Marfillus poasting thorough Affrica,

1450 We haue found this stragling girle Angelica,
 Who for she wrongd her loue Orlando

Chieftest of the Westerne peeres,
 Conuersing with so meane a man as Medor was,
 We will haue her punisht by the lawes of France,
 To end her burning lust in flames of fire.

Mar. Beshrew you lordings but you doe your
 worst.

Fire, famine, and as cruell death,
 As fell to Neros mother in his rage.

1460 Angelica. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
 And Lordes of France come from the Westerne
 seas.

In

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

In quest to finde mightie Orlando out,
 Yet ere I die let me haue leaue to say,
 Angelica held euer in her thoughts,
 Most deare the loue of Countie Palatine:
 What wretch hath wrongd vs with suspect of loue,
 I know not I, nor can accuse the man:
 But by the heauens whereto my soule shall flie,
 Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando. 1470
 I speake not this as one that cares to liue,
 For why, my thoughts are fully malecontent,
 And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,
 You quit Orlandos wrong vpon Angelica.

Enter Orlando with a scarfe before his face.

Oliuer: Strumpet feare not, for by faire Mayas
 sonne,
 This day thy soule shall vanish vp in fire,
 As Semele when Iuno wild the trull,
 To entertaine the glorie of her loue. 1480
 Orl: Frenchman, for so thy quaint aray imports,
 Be thou a Piere, or be thou Charlemaine,
 Or hadst thou Hector or Achilles hart,
 Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,
 That did in courage far surpasse them all,
 I tell thee sir, thou liest in thy throate,
 The greatest braue transalpine France can brooke,
 In saying that sacred Angelica,
 Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine:
 I am a common mercenary souldier, 1490

H

Yet

THE HISTORIE OF

Yet for I see my Princeſſe is abuſd
By new come ſtraglers from a forren coaſt,
I dare the proudeſt of theſe weſterne Lords
To cracke a blade in triall of her right.

Mam: Why fooliſh hardie daring ſimple groome,
Follower of fond conceited Phaeton:
Knoweſt thou to whom thou ſpeakſt?

Mar: Braue ſouldier (for ſo much thy courage
Theſe men are princes, dipt within the blood (ſaies)
1500 Of Kings moſt royall, ſeated in the Weſt,
Vnfit to accept a challenge at your hand.
Yet thanks that thou wouldſt in thy Lords defence
Fight for my daughter, but her guilt is knowne.

Ang: I, reſt thee ſouldier, Angelica is falſe,
Falſe, for ſhe hath no triall of her right:
Souldier, let me die for the miſſe of all.
Wert thou as ſtout as is proud Theſeus,
In vaine thy blade ſhould offer my defence:
For why, theſe be the champions of the world,
1510 Twelue Peeres of France that neuer yet were foild.

Orl: How Madam, the twelue Peeres of France?
Why let them be twelue diuels of hell:
What I haue ſaid Ile pawne my ſword
To ſeale it on the ſhield of him that dares
Malgrado of his honor combat me.

Oliuer. Marrie ſir, that dare I.

Orl: Yar a welcome man ſir.

Turpin. Chaiſtiſe the groome (Oliuer) & learne
him know,
1520 We are not like the boyes of Africa.

Orl:

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Orl: Heare you fir: You that so peremptorily
bad him fight,
Prepare your weapons for your turne is next,
Tis not one Champion that can discourage me,
Come are yee ready.

He fighteth first with one, and then with another,
and ouercomes them both.

So stand aside, and Maddam if my fortune last it out,
Ile gard your person with twelue Pieres of France.

Og: Oh Oger how canst thou stand & see a slaue 1530
Disgrace the house of France: Syrra prepare you,
For angry Nemesis sits on my sword to be reuengd.

Orl: Well faide Frenchman, you haue made a
goodly oration: But you had best to vse your sword
better, lest I beswinge you.

They fight a good while and then breath.

Og: How so ere disguisd in base or Indian shape,
Oger can well discerne thee by thy blowes,
For either thou art Orlando or the diuell.

Orl: Then to assure you that I am no diuel, 1540
Heres your friend and companion Orlando.

Oger: And none can be more glad than Oger is
That he hath found his Cosen in his sense.

Oli: When as I felt his blowes vpon my shield,
My teeth did chatter and my thoughts conceiude,
Who might this be if not the Pallatine.

H ij.

Turpin.

THE HISTORIE OF

Turpin: So had I said, but that report did tell,
My Lord was troubled with a lunacie.

Orl: So was I Lordinges: but giue mee leaue a
1550 while,

Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,
So to submit to faire Angelica.
Pardon thy Lord, faire saint Angelica,
Whose loue stealing by steps into extreames,
Grew by suspition to a causeles lunacie.

Angelica: O no my Lord, but pardon my amis,
For had not Orlando lovde Angelica,
Nere had my Lord falne into these extreames,
Which we will parle priuate to our selues:
1560 Nere was the Queene of Cypres halfe so glad,
As is Angelica to see her Lord,
Her deare Orlando settled in his sense.

Orlando: Thankes my sweete loue.
But why stands the Prince of Affrica,
And Mandrecarde the King of Mexeco,
So deepe in dumps when all reioyse beside:
First know my Lord, I slaughtred Sacrepant,
I am the man that did the slaue to death,
Who frankly there did make confession,
1570 That he ingravde the Roundelaies on the trees,
And hung the schedules of poore Medors loue,
Entending by suspect to breede debate,
Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica:
His hope had hap but we had all the harme,
And now Reuenge leaping from out the feate,
Of him that may command sterne Nemefis,

Hath

ORLANDO FVRIOSO.

Hath powrde those treasons iustly on his head.

What saith my gracious Lord to this?

Marfillus: I stand amazde, deepe ouerdrencht
with ioy,

1580

To heare and see this vnexpected ende,
So well I rest content yee Pieres of France,
Sith it is provde Angelica is cleare,
Her and my Crowne I freely will bestow,
Vpon Orlando the County Palatine.

Orl: Thanks my good Lord, & now my friends
of France,

Frollicke, be merrie, we wil hasten home,
So soone as King Marfillus will consent,
To let his daughter wend with vs to France,
Meane while wee le richly rigge vp all our Fleete,
More braue than was that gallant Grecian keele,
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of gold.
Our Sailes of fendall spread into the winde,
Our ropes and tacklings all of finest filke,
Fetcht from the natiue loomes of laboring wormes,
The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth,
That is transported by the Westerne bounds :
Our stems cut out of gleaming Iuorie,
Our planks and sides framde out of Cypresse wood,
That beares the name of Cyparissus change,
To burst the billows of the Ocean Sea,
Where Phœbus dips his amber-tresses oft,
And kisses Thetis in the daies decline,
That Neptune proud shall call his Trytons forth,
To couer all the Ocean with a calme :

1590

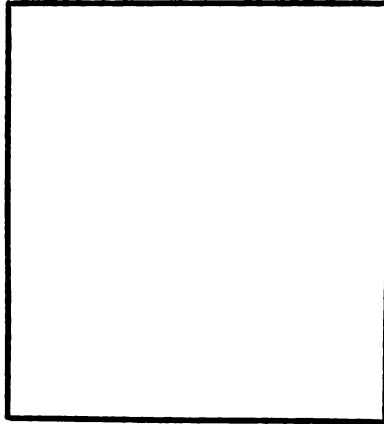
1600

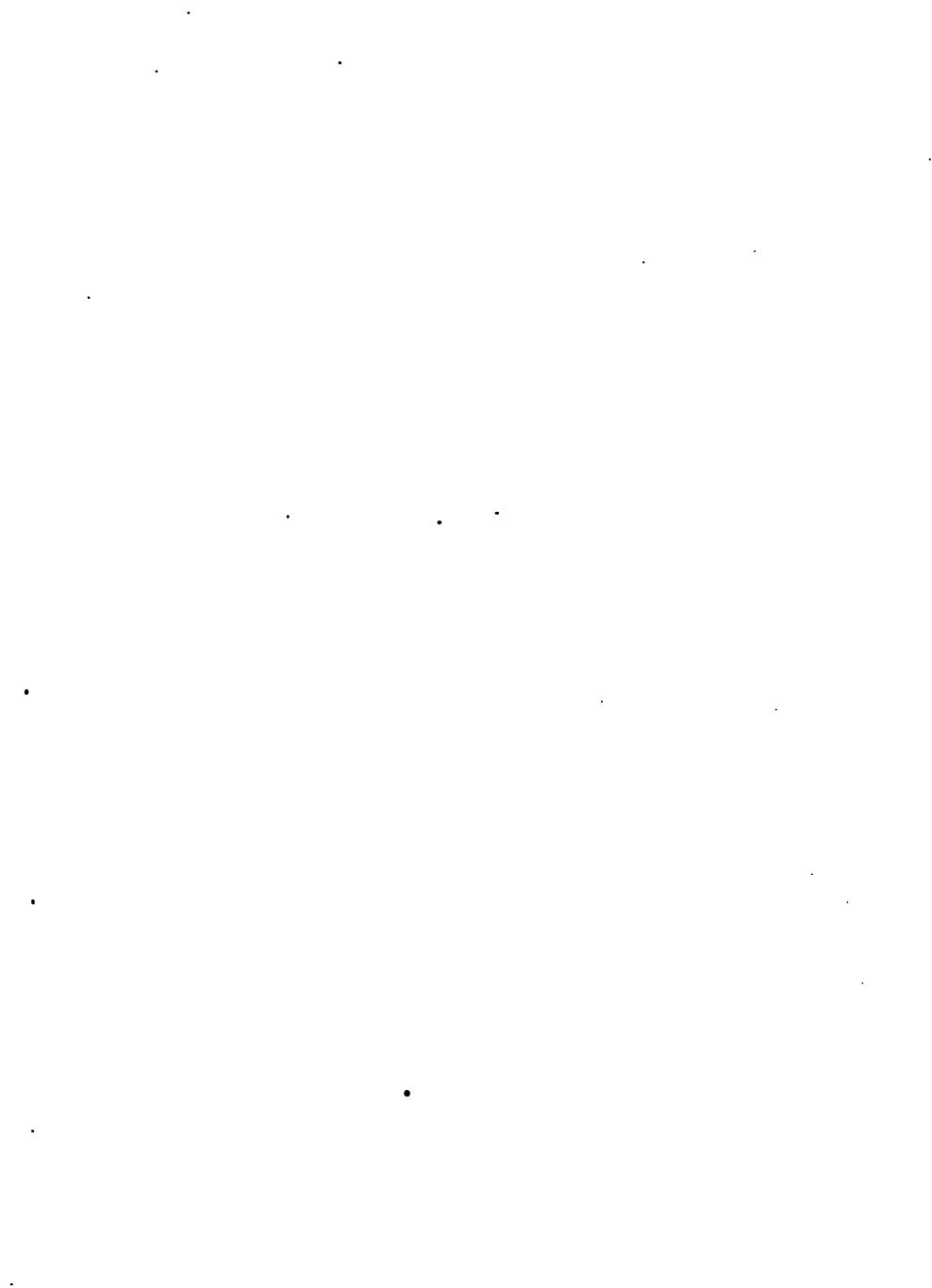
H iij.

So

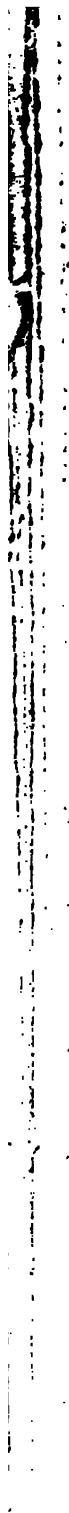
THE HISTORIE OF
So rich shall be the rubbish of our barkes,
Tane here for ballas to the ports of France,
That Charles himselfe shall wonder at the fight.
1610 Thus Lordings when our bankettings be done,
And Orlando espowed to Angelica,
Weele furrow through the mouing Ocean,
And chereely frolicke with great Charlemaine.

FINIS.









Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 010 678 063

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

MAY 30 1996
F/S JUN 30 1996

